To fleere and ſcorne at our ſolemnitie?
Now by the ſtocke and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.
Capu. Why how now kinſman wherefore ſtorme you ſo?
Tib. Vncle this a *Mountague* our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our ſolemnitie this night.
Capu. Yong *Romeo* is it.
Tib. Tis he, that Villaine *Romeo.*
Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouernd youth,
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my houſe doe him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a Feaſt.
Tib. It fits when ſuch a Villaine is a gueſt,
Ile not endure him.
Capu. He ſhall be endured.
What goodman Boy, I ſay he ſhall, goe too,
Am I the Maſter here or you? goe too,
Youle not endure him, God ſhall mend my ſoule,
Youle make a mutinie among my gueſts:
You will ſet a Cock a hoope, youle be the man.
Tib. Why Vncle, tis a ſhame.
Capu. Goe too, goe too.
You are a ſawcy Boy, iſt ſo indeed?
This tricke may chance to ſcath you I know what,
You muſt contrary me, marry tis time,
Well ſaid my hearts, you are a Princox, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for ſhame,
Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.
Tib. Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:

I will

I will withdraw but this intruſion ſhall
Now ſeeming ſweet, conuert to bitter gall.
Ro. If I prophane with my vnworthieſt hand,
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſinne is this,
My lips two bluſhing Pilgrims did readie ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough touch with a tender kiſſe.
Iu. Good Pilgrime you doe wrong your hand t
Which mannerly deuotion ſhewes in this,
For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands doe tu
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kiſſe.
Ro. Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?
Iuli. I Pilgrim, lips that they muſt vſe in Praye
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips doe what hand
They pray, (grant thou) leaſt faith turne to deſpair
Iu. Saints doe not moue, though grant for Pray
Ro. Then moue not while my Prayers effect I t
Thus from my lips, by thine my ſin is purg'd.
Iu. Then haue my lips the ſin that they haue to
Ro. Sin from my lips, O treſpaſſe ſweetly vrgd:
Giue me my ſin againe.
Iuli. You kiſſe bith booke.
Nur. Madam your mother craues a word with
Rom. What is her mother?
Nur. Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Ladie of the houſe,
And a good Ladie, and a wiſe and vertuous,
I nurſt her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet*?
O deare account! my life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. I ſo I feare, the more is my vnreſt.
Capu. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling fooliſh Banquet towards:
Is it ene ſo? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honeſt Gentlemen, good night: